

The Newmarket Courier.

G. M. BINNS, PROPRIETOR.]

A Free Press; — Religious Liberty; — and Equal Rights to all men.

[TERMS, \$1.25 STRICTLY IN ADVANCE]

VOL. I.

NEWMARKET, ONTARIO, CANADA, THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1868.

No. 22.

The Newmarket Courier,
is published every
Thursday Morning,
BY G. M. BINNS,
AT HIS
GENERAL-PRINTING OFFICE,
NEWMARKET, ONT.

TERMS:—\$1.50 per annum. If paid strictly
in advance, \$1.25.

RATES FOR ADVERTISING:
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and Two Cents per line for each
subsequent insertion.

Business Cards of Seventeen Lines and over
Ten Lines per annum. \$5.00
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per annum. \$4.00
The number of lines to be reckoned by
the space occupied, measured by a scale of
solid brevier.

The following rates will be charged to mer-
chants and others who advertise by the year,
and in no case will exceptions be made:
One column for Twelve months. \$50
" for Six months. 30
" for Three months. 20
Half column for Twelve months. \$30
" for Six months. 20
" for Three months. 15
Quarter Column for Twelve months. \$20
" for Six months. 15
" for Three months. 10
(With the privilege of Four Alterations during the year.)
Advertisements without written instructions
will be inserted till forbid, and charged ac-
cordingly.
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on Wednesday, not later than 10 A.M.
These terms in all cases will be strictly
adhered to.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. H. Phillips & Co.,



PIANO-FORTES, CABINET ORGANS,
and Melodions
Main-Str., North, Newmarket.
Pianos and Melodions Tuned & Repaired
December, 1867. tf-1

ALFRED BOULTBEE,
Barrister, Attorney-at-Law,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
CONVEYANCER, &c., &c.,
NEWMARKET, ONT.

SAMUEL ROADHOUSE,
CABINET MAKER,
UNDEBTAKER, &c.,
MAIN-STREET, NEWMARKET.

**A GOOD Assortment of Furniture always
on hand.
Coffins Ready Made
AND FUNERALS FURNISHED,
WITH OR WITHOUT
HEARSE.**
Dec. 1867. tf-1

**THE OLD ESTABLISHED
HARNESSE SMOP,
MAIN-STREET,
NEWMARKET.**

**Saddles, Harness,
COLLARS, TRUNKS,
And every other Article in the Trade kept
CONSTANTLY ON HAND,
OF THE BEST QUALITY,
At Reasonable Prices.**
Wm. WALLIS. tf-1

**ALEX. BUDGE,
BLACKSMITH,
LOT-ST.,
OPPOSITE MECHANICS HALL,
NEWMARKET.**

**HORSE SHOEING, and all kinds of gen-
eral work in his line executed with
neatness and despatch,
ON REASONABLE TERMS.**

**Old Established Marble Shop,
OPPOSITE MILLARD'S BLOCK,
MAIN-STREET, NEWMARKET, ONT.**

EDWARD B. DOAN
Begs respectfully to notify the public, that
he is amply prepared to manufacture
MARBLE AND FREE-STONE
MONUMENTS,
HEAD STONES,
Tomb Tables, Tablets, Posts, &c.,
OF THE BEST MATERIAL,
At Prices to suit the Times.
A call solicited before you purchase elsewhere.
All Work Warranted. tf-1

**THE SUBSCRIBER HAS GREAT PLEAS-
ure in notifying the public that he has
re-opened the Newmarket Brewery entirely
on his own responsibility, and hopes by strict
attention to business, and furnishing a first-
class article at moderate prices, to merit a
share of the public favor.**

ALE, PORTER, AND VINEGAR!
Constantly on hand. The highest price
paid for Barley and other grains.
H. E. RIMPRON.
Newmarket, Dec. 17, 1867. 1-1f

Dr. HACKETT.

GABBUTT HILL, NEWMARKET.
Office Hours from 8 to 10, a.m.
Newmarket, Dec. 24, 1867. tf-1

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

BARGAINS IN DRY GOODS
ALWAYS ON HAND.
WILLIAM ROE.
Newmarket, Dec. 31, 1867. 2-1f

Something all should Know.
H. R. LUNDY
HAS REMOVED HIS
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY
One door south of Hodge's Tin Shop, Main
Street, Newmarket, where he will be pleased
to wait on all those who may favour him
with a call.

OLD PICTURES COPIED WITH CARE
ALSO, THE LATEST SOUVENIR,
THE PORCELAIN PICTURE.
Do not forget where you will find a
pleasant waiting room. Come over, COME ALL.
H. R. LUNDY, Artist.
Newmarket, Jan. 29, 1868. 6-6m

**ETNA FIRE
INSURANCE CO.,
OF DUBLIN.**
CAPITAL - - - - - \$2,500,000.
ANNUAL INCOME - - - - - \$1,000,000.

**THE NIAGARA DISTRICT
MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO'Y.**
OFFICE:
ST. PAUL ST. - - - ST. CATHARINES
ESTABLISHED BY CHARTER, 1836.

FARM RISKS:
1st CLASS - Brick or Stone, \$2.50 for insurance
of \$1,000 for one year.
2nd CLASS - Frame, \$1.50 for insurance
of \$1,000 for one year.
President - JAS. TAYLOR, Esq., St. Catharines.

**ETNA LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY**
OF HARTFORD, CONN.
HEAD OFFICE for Ontario, Whittemore
Buildings, Toronto Street, Toronto.
JOHN GAVIN, General Agent.

**R. CONNOR,
Agent for above Co's.,
Post Office Address - - - - - AURORA.
February 12, 1868. 8-ly**

**G. M. BINNS,
KEEPS A GOOD SELECTION
OF PLAIN AND FANCY
Note & Letter Paper
AND ENVELOPES.**

Together with a large variety of General
Stationery and Fancy Goods.
When you want an Album, or anything
thing else in this line, be kind enough to
Call at the Courier Office before you Buy,
AND
JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES.

**ALL kinds of School Books, CHEAP!
At the Courier Office.
LADIES' Calling Cards, CHEAP!
At the Courier Office.
BLANK BOOKS, of all kinds, CHEAP!
At the Courier Office.
UNRULED and Ruled Paper, CHEAP!
At the Courier Office.
MAKE it your business to call at the Cour-
ier Office, and see if we cannot
SELL just as CHEAP, and a Little Cheaper
we believe, than any other house in the
trade, this side the Capital of Ontario.**
G. M. BINNS.

**CANADA WEST
FARMERS'
MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.**
12,000 POLICIES IN FORCE,
WITH A BUSINESS EXPERIENCE OF 17 YEARS.

**WILL insure Insured Farm Property for
One Per Cent. for three years, with-
out Premium Note, and not compel the as-
sured, as do some other Companies doing
business in this vicinity, to submit to a re-
duction of one-third of their loss on contents,
where no more is at risk than the sum named
in the policy—the Canada West paying the
loss in full up to the sum insured.**

**BARCLAY'S
Celebrated Sewing Machines,**
Which are easily learned to operate on, and
not easily put out of order, are on hand and
for sale. Intending purchasers would do
well to call and examine them before pur-
chasing elsewhere, as they are
Unsurpassed by any other Machine!
Giving entire satisfaction wherever used.

**THOS. ATKINSON,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
FOR THE COUNTY OF YORK,
And Agent for the above.
Newmarket, Jan. 13, 1868. 4-1f**

Poetry.

Where I would Rest.

Carry me out on the open deep,
And launch me into the wave!
There I would rest in my final sleep,
With the grand old sea for my grave!
I want no marble above my head,
With its paltry epitaph;
Nor piled-up stones to mark my bed,
Where I may rest and sleep in peace.
I want not the adder to make his coil
Where my sins might be laid at rest;
Or poisonous weed, with their breath to spoil
The hope of a penitent breast.
I want not the workman of future days
To search my grave with his tools;
Or my bones to deck an empiric's bairn,
And furnish a theme for fools.
But give me the high and arching sea,
With its dome of beautiful blue;
Its toss of waters so proud and free,
And its cadence forever true.
Let me lie at rest on its shelly floor,
With coral at my head and stern;
And pearls undisturbed in their ocean store,
By nature around me thrown.
The moon will look down with merciful eye
On my lonely and watery bed;
And the mermaid may pause as she floats by,
And perchance may pray for the dead.
And the midnight breeze might come on apace
With a tone from the veriest heaven,
To tell of love, in that lonely place,
And whisper of all forgiven.
Yet vain in our choice where the fame may be
When beyond all earthly care;
For the come will mould beneath the salt sea,
And his God will judge him there!

Satire and Humour.

Why is the tolling of a bell like the
sprayer of a hypocrite?—Because it is a solemn
sound by a thoughtless tongue.

What does a telegraph operator do
when he receives the heads of important
news?—Waits for the tails of course.

Why is a five dollar bill better than a
five dollar gold piece?—Because when you
put it in your pocket you double it, and when
you take it out you find it increases (in-
creases).

A well known judge, when he first
went to the bar was a very blundering spee-
cher. On one occasion, when he was trying a
case involving a right of property to a lot of
pigs, he said, "Gentlemen of the jury, there
were just twenty-four pigs in that drove;
just twenty-four gentlemen—exactly twice
as many as there are in that jury-box."

A conductor on a road running from
Hartford, agreed in the kindness to pass a
poor penniless fellow on his train. An officer
of the road sitting in the same car with the
man observed that the conductor took no
fare from him, and called him to account for
it. "Why do you pass that man?" said Mr.
Treasurer. "Oh, he's a conductor!" "Why,
what makes him dress so shabbily?" "Oh,
he's trying to live on his salary," was the
quick reply. Mr. Treasurer saw the point,
and dropped the subject.

In New Hampshire town lived an ig-
norant, irreligious, worthless fellow, Bansom
by name, no member of which had been seen
inside of a church within the "memory of
the oldest inhabitant." The village pastor
after years of failure had at length almost
persuaded two of the younger sons to pro-
vide attendance for one Sabbath; but the
fact that they would be made the subject of
some personal remarks still deterred them.
They were in great terror lest they should be
publicly upbraided with their misdoings, and
called to account for their wickedness. After
much exertion, their fears were quieted, and
on the following Sunday the eyes of the good
pastor's congregation were astonished at the
unwonted presence of the aforenamed Bansom.
All went well until the reading of the second
lyric, when was the familiar

"Blow ye the trumpets, blow!" etc.
Imagine the effect when, at the end of the
line,
"Return ye ransom'd sinners home,"
the elder of our heroes seized his hat, and
with long strides toward the door, shouted:
"Come along home, Bill! I know'd they'd
be flinging at us if we came here!"

An Answer to "A Choice."
BY HATTIE HATFIELD.

Shall I come to your aid, Mr. Grapple?
I'll help you, nor linger for thanks—
All in solving that perplexing question,
If you'll listen to me, Grapple Blanks,
Don't choose you a wife from the city,
A slave to proud fashion and ease;
Go out to the sweet scented country,
Take one from the butter and cheese.

Don't choose from the style of the chignon,
Nor look at the trail of her dress;
Narrow mind about curls, paint or powder,
When seeking your friends to bless.
But come to the health-giving farm, sir—
Choose one who can wash, iron and bake.
Don't throw away all your bright thousands
On a wife who can't broil a beefsteak.

I hope you'll not think me too bold, sir,
If I ask you a question or two,
Since you want such a very nice woman,
We'd like to know something of you.

When once the great choice you have made,
And bring to your home your young bride,
Will you love in the dul-room to linger,
Or play at home close by her side?

Will you drop all your fast young companions?
Leave your whisky, your wine, and your
With your pipe, and your feet on the table,
Be contented your friends to cheer?

Will you scold if the breakfast is tardy?
Or frown if the dinner is late?
Do you think when the baby is teething,
You will scold if it keeps you awake?

Tell me all this before you decide, sir,
To wed, is to make or to mar;
If you answer my question to suit me,
Why, then—you may ask my papa.

The Story Teller.

An April Shower.

AN UMBRELLA TALE.

CHAPTER I.

Scarcely stowed in my little and some-
what crowded receptacle which constituted
a part, or rather complement, of the
highly French-polished hatstand that
stood in the lobby of No. —, Circus
Palace, "Modern Athens," I, my youth-
ful mistress' pet umbrella, was, to say the
least of it, most disagreeably disturbed on
the morning of April 18—, by a couple
of fine-looking boys. They were twin-
brothers, and a pair of very young rascals
were Edward and Frederick Blair. They
were up rather earlier than usual, and
judging from their half-expressed exuber-
ance of animal spirits, I strongly suspected
that they were bent on mischief; and I
am sorry to add that this suspicion of
mine was much sooner realized than I had
anticipated.

"Come here, Ned," whispered Fred-
erick, as soon as he reached the hatstand;
"just come here for a minute," he re-
peated in a lower and still more confi-
dential tone, "I want to show you some-
thing funny."

"No, I won't," replied Edward; "I'm
as old as you—this is All Fools' day, and
you want to play me a trick."

"No, I don't, Ned, as sure as anything,
I don't," answered Fred; "but I want
you to assist me in playing off a trick on
Nettie, and the very serious expression of
his usually merry face so confirmed the
earnestness of his appeal, that Neddy could
no longer resist the invitation."

"Well, then," eagerly required the lat-
ter, as he bounded from the bottom of the
staircase to his brother's side, "what are
you going to do?"

"Hush! don't speak so loud," whispered
the cunning Fred; "I'm going to spoil
the wire stop or bracket spring of Nettie's
favourite umbrella."

"But she will blame us for it, and then
papa will surely punish us," reasoned Ned.
"Besides, what fun can we get by spoiling
the umbrella?"

"Tut, man, you are not even half
game enough for a baby's trick," said
the displaced Fred; "and besides, papa
sees anyone who wants it—it was an ac-
cident, and though papa knew the truth
he would pass it over as an April trick.
Now, Hugh Murray and I arranged yester-
day that our sisters should be sent on
fools' errands at one and the same time
to-day; so Hugh resolved to imitate his
sister Edith's handwriting, and to send a
note inviting our Nettie to go to the
Grange, whilst I have counterfeited Net-
tie's hand in an invitation for Edith to
come here. At the same time, too, Hugh
promised to put his sister's umbrella out
of order after the same fashion in which
I'm to treat Nettie's one. Now, the
juvenile plotter continued, "Edith Mur-
ray and our Nettie will likely meet each
other about half way, and if it begins to
blow and rain won't it be jolly?"

"By jingo! so it will," shouted the de-
lighted and newly-initiated Ned, forgetting
in that moment of boyish ecstasy that
silence was indispensable to the success of
the wicked scheme. But a significant
gesture and look from his brother cau-
tioned him; and as the youthful rogues
proceeded to undo my pretty clasp, and to
destroy the little steel spring that keeps
up or lets down my inner works as may
be required when I am used in wet wea-
ther—I must confess that I did not feel
very well pleased. But when I looked
upon the gleeful, chubby faces of the boys,
why, hang me, I could not feel for the life
of me angrily disposed towards them.

"Make haste, Freddy, make haste!"
hurriedly whispered Ned, "fasten its clasp
and put it into its right quarter again—
there's Nettie coming down."

But just as the trickish monkey was in
the act of putting or rather tossing me
into my place in the walking-stick and um-
brella apartment of the oak hatstand, his
sister Nettie—a splendid creature of some
nineteen or twenty summers—had glided
far enough down the stair to witness his
last act.

"Ah, Fred, Fred," she said, what have
you been doing with my beautiful parasol?
The only keepsake that I got from Lady
Barton, before she went away to the Con-
tinent. Oh, you naughty boy, and so-
cious a flush of conscious guilt overspread
Fred's countenance, who quickly took me
from my place, but failing to see anything
wrong with me, she, with a relieved heart,
carefully replaced me.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughingly exclaimed
Ned, "Why, Nettie, you have proved
yourself to be an April fool: you thought
at first that we had spoiled your umbrella,
and now you find nothing amiss with it;
ha! ha! ha!" and then both brothers
joined in a hearty laugh at their sister's
expense.

CHAPTER II.
About an hour after the incident which
I have recorded, the heroine of my tale,
Miss Nettie Blair, on opening the house-
door letter-box found, among other mis-
sives, a pretty little scented, pink-coloured
note addressed to herself.

"Is that little letter for you, my dear?"
asked Mrs. Blair, who was standing close
by.

"Yes, mamma," replied Nettie.
"I hope," returned her mother, whose
facial contour assumed a serio-comic ex-
pression, "that it is not a silly billet-doux
from some fashionable sop."

"Oh, no, mamma," replied Nettie,
slightly blushing, "how can you jest in
that way? It is from Edith Murray; I
could distinguish her handwriting among
a thousand specimens of calligraphy."
And then to convince her provoking
parent that she made no mistake in re-
gard to her friends writing, she opened
the envelope and read to her mother the
following note:

"Grange, March 31st.
"My dearest Nettie—I wish par-
ticularly to see you this afternoon. If, there-
fore, you are quite well, and all other cir-
cumstances permitting, would you kindly
delight me with your sweet presence at
the Grange? I have some startling news
for you, and would really like if you would
begin your walk so as to be here in time
for luncheon. Give my love to your
mamma and the boys."

"Yours affectionately,
"EDITH MURRAY."

"What! is the little mix going to be
married, and does she want you to be her
bridemaid?" cried Mrs. Blair, in a most
humorous manner.

"Now, mamma," said Miss Nettie, half
reproachfully, yet sweetly smiling, "you
really seem to be very peculiar this morn-
ing; I'm sure Edith just now has no more
prospects than I have of getting married;
we must first get lovers before we can ex-
pect to get husbands." And as she spoke
a beautiful rosy blush of maidenly shame
stole over her angel-like cheeks, whilst her
lovely blue eyes dropped downward.

"Ah, you sly, bashful young puss,"
said her teasing mother, "laughing the
while, one can get nothing but gravest
logic from you; so I suppose you may
just go to the Grange and hear the won-
derful news."

"Then, mamma, you can conveniently
spare me," asked the gratified girl, as she
threw her arms round her parent's neck
and imprinted a kiss of the purest affec-
tion upon her cheek. Ah, what would
many a young man have given to have
stood in Mrs. Blair's shoes at that blest
moment?

"Yes, my dear, I can spare you," said
the mother in answer to her daughter's
question, "but only for three hours, and
no longer—an hour to go, an hour to stay,
and another to come home."

At that instant the twin-brothers, equip-
ped for school, came into the lobby.

"Mamma," said Fred, "if Nettie goes
anywhere to-day she'll require to take her
umbrella with her, as the almanack says
it is going to rain;" and he looked very
grave, and gave his head a significant
saggle, while Neddy ran to the door,
holding his pocket-handkerchief close to
his mouth, vainly trying to stifle his laugh-
ter.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Blair, who still
sat in the breakfast parlor on the ground-
floor, and who, through the partly open
door, had heard all this latter conversation
going on, "two philosophers in one family?
Come, get you gone to school, sirrah, or
you'll be too late."

The boy did not need a second bidding
to be gone; but alas! poor Miss Nettie.
She did not then even entertain the slight-
est suspicion that the roguish Fred
had seriously injured her "pretty parasol,"
as she often called me.

CHAPTER III.
The hour that saw my heroine on her
way to the Grange soon approached, and I
may remark here that, as yet, the day was
pretty fair, but exceedingly dull. Indeed,
this very unsettled and cloudy state of the
atmosphere rather induced Miss Blair to take me,
her silent servant, with her. Now, of all the
spring and summer months April has ever
been most proverbial for sudden, short gusts
of wind and showers of rain; and there
are certainly few adult persons who have
not had some experience of "An April
shower." Umbrellas ought to be—in
spite of all your weather-prophets—the
best authorities on this subject, as no
fashionable young lady in France (my
native country), or in Great Britain, will
venture far outside without one of my
kind, especially at this particular period
of the spring season. Yet, properly speak-
ing, I am as much a parasol as I am an
umbrella. I was made in Paris chiefly
for what is called "April use," that is, the
protection of the ladies' handsome bonnets
and fair faces from both sun and rain.

Consequently, I am a large parasol as well
as a small umbrella, and can be used to
good advantage in either foul or fair wea-
ther—whether the sky is shining or
showering.

My heroine had scarcely reached the
southern extremity of the street known by
the name of George IV. Bridge, when, to
her utter amazement, she met her friend
Edith Murray, who, in her turn, was
equally astonished on meeting Nettie.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed Edith,
"what in the name of wonder has brought
you so far from home when you know I
would be on my way to see you?"

"You coming to see me!" reiterated
Nettie, thinking at the moment that her
sense of hearing had deceived her, "oh,
Edith, dear, this is surely some mistake,
did you not send me a note urging me to
come and see you?"

"No, my dear girl," replied the
half-bewildered Edith, "but I got a note
from you this morning requesting me to
pay you a visit, as you had something of
paramount importance to communicate."

"Yet, one word," pleaded my heroine,
on whose mind a faint glimmering of the
actual truth was beginning to dawn, "did
you write any note to me within this
week?"

"No."

"Then we have been made the dupes
of some petty trick, in other words, we are
'April fools,' for this is the first of April,
and a dreadful day it is with the boys.
Ah, now I remember the queer conduct of
my brothers this morning, and to my cer-
tain knowledge your brother Hugh was in
company with our Fred, yesterday after-
noon: this is some mischievous trick of
theirs, depend on it, Edith; but in the
meantime what shall we do?"

"Do," reiterated her indignant friend,
"I'll get the young monkeys properly
punished, but in the first place, I will ac-
company you home, for there's a storm
brewing in the air, and—as I live, yonder
comes my cousin, Frank Jeffery, with
another young gentleman, who, I suppose,
is his confidential friend, Dr. Brown. Let
us be going northwards."

"I rather think I should accompany
you to the Grange."

"No, no—by-the-bye, Nettie," she con-
tinued, as they both walked smartly along,
"I have never yet had an opportunity to
introduce you to my cousin, nor has Frank
once found an opportunity to introduce
me to his friend who, I understand, is a
very nice young man—oh, dear, dear,
here's a storm with a vengeance now."

At this precise moment a tempest of
wind and rain came on, and its extreme
suddenness told at once that it was no
ordinary April blast. There was no eligi-
ble place of shelter at hand, and in a state
of desperation the storm-beat girls resorted
to us—I mean their little umbrellas, for
Edith carried one somewhat similar to
myself.

By this time they had reached the cen-
tre of what is in reality the Bridge, and
in attempting to put their disordered
screens in practical use, they were in a
dilemma which may be described as being
truly deplorable. Edith was whirled
along a few paces, still holding on by the
handle of her partially extended and re-
fractory umbrella; and just as the two
gentlemen, of whom Edith had been speak-
ing to Nettie, came to the aid of the un-
fortunate ladies, a violent gust of wind
literally wrenched me out of Poor Nettie's
hands and sent me spinning up in the air
like an ungovernable balloon. Then over
the iron railings I went, and tumbled
down, down into the "Cowgate Inferno,"
that yawns like a hideous chasm far be-
neath the arched span of the bridge.

CHAPTER IV.
Some of my bones were slightly bruised,
though none of them were broken or so-
riously injured by the fall, and I was ulti-
mately picked up by an honest and rather
an intelligent son of the Emerald Isle.
Home the Hibernian carried me—up a
dirty narrow close, up a long nasty stair,
and into a wretched attic or garret, wherein
his wife Biddy and her "big family of
children" were sitting around what seemed
to be a table, the top of which was covered
with "smoking practices" and a bowl or
basin filled with buttermilk.

"Sure, Biddy, and it's myself that's in
luck this blessed day," shouted Pat, as he
entered. Then he told Biddy where and
how he had picked me up, and after
minutely inspecting me, he said, "Faith,
it's a good little parasol though the spring's
out, and maybe I might get more as a re-
ward for finding it than I'd get by selling
it, for sure it must belong to some fine
lady." And his wife was of the same
opinion.

"Johnny, my boy," cried my tempo-
rary custodian to his eldest lad, who, I
soon learnt, served as a "printer's devil"
at an adjoining printing office—"fetch
home some old newspapers that yor mas-
ter has no use for, and we'll read the ad-
vertisements to-night."

Next morning by eight o'clock my lucky
finder, in the highest spirits imaginable,
had me conveyed to the door of No. —,
Queen street.

"Top o' the morning to ye, my purty
dear," said Pat to the servant, as she
opened the door, "yer master's at home,
isn't he now?"

"Yes, he's at home," answered the
servant.

"Then like a swate darling, be after
telling him that a bhoys wishes to see him
sooner than immediately."

Pat was speedily shown into the library,
where Mr. Jeffery (Edith's cousin) awaited
him.

"Praise yer honor, are you the gentle-
man that wrote this little bit of intelli-
gence for the newspaper?" inquired Pat,
at the same time handing the "gentleman"
in question a clipping from the advertiser
containing an advertisement to the effect
that a liberal reward would be given to
the person who restored a lady's brown
silk umbrella that had been lost on the
previous day, &c., &c.

Mr. Jeffery replied in the affirmative,
eagerly took me, and cheerfully paid the
man the promised reward. But no sooner
were the Hibernian's many thanks—to
Mr. Jeffery and my patron saint, St.
Stithia—uttered, and himself gone, than
my new-possessor passionately kissed me
over and over, and then pressed me to his
bosom till I actually felt his heart beating
at a singularly rapid rate.

What could the young barrier mean
by this extraordinary conduct? He had
never seen me before but once, and when
he first saw me I was toasting in the wind
like a paper kite in a hurricane. What
then meant his strange and unparalleled
partiality for me? Ah, though I, after
sundry conjectures, had my mistress lost
her parasol and found a lover? Well,
well, 'tis an ill wind that blows nobody
good," that the poor Irishman who found
me can testify. In this letter surmise I

was right, for presently the love-struck
orator began to speak for himself.

"Yes, my tiny umbrella, thou hast been
the cause of our introduction which, Heav-
en grant, may lead to our everlasting
union! I will spare no expense in getting
these both tastefully and promptly repaired,
in order that I may soon enjoy the inde-
scribable pleasure of presenting thee to the
dearest and loveliest jewel of all this
world's fair creatures."

It

BY ATLANTIC CABLE.

LONDON, May 18.—The Morning Post considers the vote on the eleventh article of impeachment conclusive, and says the result of this trial demonstrates the folly of the radicals, as the certainty of success is the only excuse for their taking such a step as impeachment. After all, if the right is vindicated, that result is due to accident.

The Daily News takes a widely different ground in its comments, and thinks the vote is not conclusive of the whole case. A respite of one week has been granted to Barrett, the Clerk of the House of Commons, who is under sentence of death.

LONDON, May 18, (midnight).—In the House of Commons, to-night, the Scotch reform bill was under consideration. Mr. Wm. E. Baxter, the member for Montrose moved to add to the number of the Scotch members of the House by taking the franchise from some of the small English boroughs. Mr. Haverley, member for Kilmaronock, moved that the voting clause in the bill be thrown out. The Government opposed the motion, and on a division of the House were beaten in both cases. Mr. Disraeli, after the result of the last division, had announced, read and said the ministry will now consider their position.

PARIS, May 18.—The New York Herald to-day says that the Emperor Napoleon has been ill, but his condition is now much improved.

PARIS, May 19.—The following are the opinions expressed by leading journals on the vote in the impeachment case:—

The Temps (Democrat) says that Mr. Johnson has been saved by legal forms only. He has been deposited in the minds of the country.

The Journal des Debats (Orleans) says that while Mr. Johnson is acquitted the vote was such as to render him powerless hereafter.

Dr. Livingstone.

Extracts from a letter of Dr. Livingstone, received by Mr. Young of Kelly, on April 20th, 1868:

Country of the Chibeta, Nov. 10, 1866. My dear — It has been quite impossible to send a letter eastward ever since we left the Rovuma. The Arab slave traders take to their heels as soon as they hear that the English are on the road. I am a perfect bugbear to them. Eight parties thus skeddaddled; and, last of all, my Johanna men, frightened out of their wits by stories told them by a member of a ninth party who had been plundered of his slaves, walked off and left me to face the terrible Mazitu with nine Nasiek boys. The fear which the English name has struck into the souls of the slave traders has thus been an inconvenience. I could not go round the north end of the lake for fear that my Johanna men, at sight of danger, would do what they actually did at the southern end, and the owners of two dhows now on the lake kept them out of sight lest I should burn them as slaves; and I could not cross in the middle. Rounding the southern end, we got up Kirk's Range, and among Manganga, not yet made slave sellers. This was a great treat; for, like all who have not been contaminated by that blight, they were very kind; and having been worried and harassed by unwilling sepoys and cowardly Johanna men, I followed my bent by easy marches among friendly, generous people, to whom I tried to impart some new ideas in return for their hospitality. The country is elevated, and the climate cool. One of the wonders told of us in successive villages was that we slept without fires. The boys having blankets did not need fires; while the inhabitants being scantily clad, have their huts plastered inside and out, even the roofs, to make themselves comfortable. Our progress since has been slow, from other and less agreeable causes. Some parts have been denuded of food by marauding Mazitu or Zulus. We have been fain to avoid these, and gone zigzag. Once we nearly walked into the hands of a party and several times we have been detained by rascals of the enemy in front.

January, 1867.—I mention several causes of delay. I must mention the rainy season as more potent than all, except hunger. In passing through the Bahisa country we found that food was not to be had. The Bahisa are great slave traders, and have in consequence but little industry. This seems to be the chief cause of their having no food to spare. The rains, too, are more copious than I ever saw them anywhere in Africa. But we shall get on in time.

February 1.—I am in Bemba, or Lobemba, and at the chief man's place, which has three stockades around it, and a deep, dry ditch round the inner one. He seems a fine fellow, and gave us a cow to slaughter on our arrival yesterday. We are going to hold a Christmas feast off to-morrow, as I promised the boys a blow-out when we came to a place of plenty. We have had precious hard lines, and I would not complain if it had not been gnawing hunger for many a day, and our bones sticking through as if they would burst the skin. When we were in a part where game abounded I filled the pot with a first-rate fowl given me by Captain Fraser, but elsewhere we had but very short rations of a species of millet called "maere," which passes the stomach almost unchanged. The worst grief of all was the loss of the medicine box which my friend at Apothecaries' Hall so kindly fitted up. All other things I divided among the bundles, so that if one or two were lost we should not be rendered destitute of such articles; but this I gave to a steady boy, and trusted him. He exchanged for a march with two volunteers, who behaved remarkably well, till at last hungry marches through dripping forests, cold hungry nights, and fatiguing days overcame their virtue, and they made off with "Steady's" load—all his clothes, our plates, dishes, much of our powder, and two guns, and it was impossible to trace them after the first drenching shower, which fell immediately after they left us. The forests are so dense and leafy one cannot see fifty yards on any side. This loss, with our medicine, fell by fever, as my heart like a sentence of death by fever, as was the case with poor Bishop Mackenzie; but I shall try native remedies, and trust

in Him who has led me hitherto to help me still. We have been mostly on elevated land, between 3,000 and 6,000 feet above the sea. I think we are now on the water-shed for which I was to cook. We are 4,600 feet above the sea level, and will begin to descend when we go. This may be put down as 10 degrees 10 minutes south latitude, and longitude 31 degrees 50 minutes and 2 seconds. We found a party of black half-caste Arab slaves here, and one promises to take letters to Zanzibar, but they give me only half a day to write; but I shall send what I can, and hope that they will be as good as their word. We have not had a single difficulty with the people, but we have been very slow. Eight miles a day is a good march for us, loaded as the boys are; and we have often been obliged to sign as I mentioned. Blessings on you all. Love to Mrs. —. Hearty adieu to Bartholomew. Boxes first rate; looks bad. From yours, ever affectionately, DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

The following additional extracts from Dr. Livingstone's letters to his friends in Scotland, have been published since the preceding appeared in print:—

February 1, 1867.—At Bemba, about 10 deg. 10 min. lat. S., and 31 deg. 51 deg. 30 min. E.; for as came but yesterday. We crossed the Rovuma river, and then had a long, wet, hungry march through the Bahisa country, to a place called Chibeta, or Zambesi, as it is here called, in 10 deg. 24 min. S. The Bahisa are great slave traders, and have resorted to it as a miserable, destitute, depopulated country. It is a great forest, with mountain and flood very fine to look at, but toilsome—dripping with showers every day, small patches of millet at wide intervals, and scanty population who have nothing to sell. Mushrooms in plenty in the dark forests; but a little millet porridge and mushrooms, was all. Good enough to produce a fine dream of the roast beef of Old England, but nothing else. I have become very thin; thought I was no more, but now if you weighed me you might calculate very easily how much you might get for the bones only; but I take on flesh easily, and we got a cow yesterday, and I am to get milk to-morrow, and will wait a little with the chief Chitapanga—a good fellow so far as we have seen him. I am on the water-shed, I think at least about 4,500 feet above the sea. We crossed one range 6,600 feet, and near a spot where, I grieve to write it, poor people "Chitane" was drowned. We had to cross a marsh a mile wide, and vast deep—bottom, soft peaty stuff, in which one did well enough, but deep holes made by buffaloes' feet caused us to flounder. I went over first, and I forgot to give orders about the dogs—all were too much engaged in keeping his balance to notice that he swam among them till he died. He had more spunk than 100 country dogs—took charge of the whole line of march, ran to see the first in the line, then back to the last, and barked to haul him up; then when he knew what he occupied, would not let a country cow come in sight of it, and never stole himself. He was becoming yellowish red like the country dogs; and he shared the starving with me. We have not had any difficulties with the people. Made many friends—imparted a little knowledge sometimes, and raised a protest against slavery very widely. Some will remember what was said, and, at all events, a beginning, was made. Some black slaves from the coast were found here—their first visit—but they go off to-morrow; and I try the experiment of sending letters, a few half-ready ones. I hope they may reach you. The rains hold us back, but we hope to be at our second supply of goods, at Yanganyiky, by May. No line has come to me from the coast, so I am as ill off for news of you as you may be of me. I have but nine African boys with me. The Johanna men ran back in sheer horror of the Mazitu or Zulus. In fact they did that at the south end of the lake which I feared would occur at the north end; but we have fewer mouths to fill, and when we are in game country I generally secure a beast.

Chitapanga's Village, Bemba, Feb. 2, 1867.—We have been a long time in working north to this, which is probably the water-shed the geographers seek. We are some 4,500 feet above the sea, and the river Simapula lies in front of us. This is said to be very large and runs into Lake Zanganyika, where we hope to be by May next. I have the anticipation of letters there and a fresh stock of goods. The Arabs all fled from me as if I had the plague, and I could send nothing to the coast. We had to go a long way round about besides, partly to prevent my Johanna men from running away at sight of danger, and partly because the Arabs were afraid that I would burn their vessels on Lake Myassa as slaves. The Johanna men did at last bolt at the mere report of danger in front, and I went on and faced it with but nine Africans, six of whom are boys from a school at Bombay for the re-captured. The Johanna men were such a lot of thieves that it was a relief to get rid of them. We have since worked our way north, till we are in a part blank on the maps. We got enough of meat in the lower lands by the river, but when we got up in the Highlands of the Bahisa not an animal could be seen. The people all scattered by their own slaving could sell us nothing. They live chiefly on Mushrooms, and by trudging through dripping forests over slopy marshes, the feet almost constantly wet, and gnawing hunger within, most of my flesh came off my bones. Here the people have something to sell, so we got on better, and mean to rest awhile and recruit. This village has three stockades round it, the inner one being defended, too, by a deep ditch and thorny hedge. When we came I went to be publicly received by the chief Chitapanga. No one could go near him the first time without a present. He sat by a huge hut, and a dozen men beat drums and short rattles, so as to make a terrific din. I would not sit on the ground so he ordered a big elephant's tusk to be placed for me. His legs were like milestones from the number of rings and little bells on them. After

The articles referred to were in boxes, and under the care of Mr. Bartholomew, manager of the Glasgow City and Suburban Gasworks, for the reception of light goods, and peculiarly constructed, to be carried by the negro porters during Livingstone's passage through the interior.

talking awhile, he came along with me to a group of men and gave me one, reading the tusk to be placed upon it, but I did not accept of it. The country is covered with a forest of two kinds of trees mainly, and these yield the bark cloth with which nearly all are clothed. The forests are very leafy, burns (rivulets) run in every direction, and are all now full. I have had no news since we left the coast. I lost all my medicines at one blow. This is the worst loss of property that ever befel me. I have had no fever as yet, but should it come I must try native remedies and trust in that watchful care which every moment guards and keeps us with a care more minute and constant than our feelings could attend to. Dr. Livingstone's despatch to the Earl of Clarendon and his letter to Sir Roderick Murchison, read at the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on April 27th, do not contain any important information in addition to that in the foregoing letters. The latest information we have of Dr. Livingstone's progress is up to the middle of October last. Dr. Kirk, of Zanzibar, in a letter dated March 1st, read at a meeting of the Society, says, "I am glad to announce that a letter has just been received from Livingstone, confirming the news brought three weeks ago. Livingstone had been in Ujiji in the middle of October last, where he would meet the agent in charge of stores and letters sent to him from Zanzibar. This letter reached us in fifty days. It was brought by slaves in advance; the Arabs of the caravan will be here in fifteen or twenty days hence; probably they will be bettered of Dr. Livingstone's letters from Ujiji. He has, no doubt, long ago gone forward to Albert Nyanza. I sent him Sir Samuel Baker's map, together with an account of all I knew of the geographical problems involved; for it must be recollected that when Dr. Livingstone left England Sir Samuel Baker's discoveries had not yet been made known. With this map in his hand he will be able to link himself up to ascertain the missing links in the chain of lakes. In regard to the future movements of Dr. Livingstone, Sir Roderick Murchison said that there were three hypotheses upon which they might go in making calculations regarding the return of Dr. Livingstone. One was that he may be induced to go farther west into an African region as yet unexplored, and come out at the west coast. In that case Sir Roderick did not expect that Dr. Livingstone would be home for twelve, or perhaps eighteen months. Another hypothesis was that the doctor would be inclined, after the long and dangerous journey he has already had, and the efforts he has made in determining the real physical geography of the region through which he has touched upon, to return to Zanzibar. If the doctor returned by that route, he may be expected home in the month of September next. The third hypothesis was that Dr. Livingstone would return by the waters of the Nile. From the well known difficulties of that route, Sir Roderick did not believe Dr. Livingstone would think of coming home by that way.

We (Field) extract the following from a private letter, dated the 9th instant:—"My sister has just received a letter from Dr. Kirk, Consul at Zanzibar, to say that letters from Dr. Livingstone have reached him; that the doctor is quite well, and will shortly arrive at Cairo; and that he sends a letter from Dr. Livingstone himself to Mr. —. This letter has not yet arrived. Livingstone's sepoys and negroes all deserted him, and killed his baggage animals; but he went on alone, and has got through the part of the country he wanted to visit by himself."

The Queen and the Late Mr. McGee.

The London correspondent of the Irish Times says:—"There has come to my knowledge a circumstance highly creditable to our Sovereign, and one which must prove eminently gratifying to the widow and family of the man who, as leader of the Roman Catholic party in Canada, recently lost his life at the hands of a disaffected assassin in exercising a commanding influence on the side of law and order. I understand that the last Canadian mail brought out an autograph from Her Majesty to Mrs. D'Arcy McGee, expressive of sympathy and condolence, and stating how highly she appreciated the exertions which her husband had made during his valued lifetime to maintain the cause of Imperial authority in the land of his adoption. The Duke of Buckingham had, I believe also, written to Mrs. McGee, through Lord Monck, the Governor-General of Canada, conveying the regret of her Majesty's Ministers that so able a statesman and so good a citizen should have fallen a victim to the Fenian bullet."

A Society of Assassins.

The New York Commercial makes the following remarks about the Fenians:—"The spirit of Fenianism is not only diabolical, but unspeakable. It seems to be simply and purely fiendish. It burns and slaughters wantonly. No measure of forbearance and magnanimity seems to soften it. When an outrage has been committed, an appeal for pardon is responded to, only, as it appears, that a second outrage may be committed. The unprecedented indulgence of the British Government serves no purpose, but aggravates the atrocities of Fenians. Our own Government, too, constantly called upon to interpose in favor of Fenian prisoners, finds its reward in fresh assassinations. And the insatiable spirit of Fenianism is most malignant when the British Parliament is showing the greatest wisdom and sympathy for Ireland, in the repeal of the Church Establishment. The assassination of Mr. McGee and that attempted assassination of Prince Alfred, are great crimes—crimes which ought to induce law-abiding Irishmen to set their faces against Fenianism."

Volunteers for Frontier Service.

Orders were issued to-day, directing Captains of volunteer companies to hold themselves in readiness for frontier service.

The Treaty of Commerce between Great Britain and Austria was signed on April 22nd at Vienna.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

NORTHERN RAILWAY.

NEWMARKET GOING SOUTH.

Express 8.50 A.M. 7.25 P.M.

Mail 9.15 A.M. 8.10 P.M.

Express 10.15 A.M. 9.10 P.M.

Mail 11.15 A.M. 10.10 P.M.

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COURT OF REVISION.

At 2 p.m., the Council organized as a Court of Revision.

James H. Patten appeared in the case of his appeal against his assessment on income, and made the declaration in such cases provided, reducing the sum from \$1000 to \$800; when on motion of Mr. Jones, seconded by Mr. Randall, the assessment, as amended, was confirmed, and the Court adjourned sine die.

Council resumed.

Received and read the petition of Jacob Perkins and others, desiring to perform their statutory labour on Blouffer street, St. Paulville. The prayer of this petition was granted.

On motion of Mr. Jones, seconded by Mr. Randall, authority was given to any two Councilors to advertise and sell any timber on any of the highways, and report to the next meeting of Council, after such sale.

A bill for plank in Road Division No. 3, in the 3rd Concession, amounting to \$6 was ordered to be paid.

The Treasurer was authorized to pay to the order of Mr. Randall, a sum not to exceed \$6, to be expended in clothing for James Gormly.

John Elliott was appointed Pathmaster in Road Division No. 4 in the 6th Concession, in place of John Ayres, removed.

The Treasurer was authorized to pay John Bartholomew, \$25; Simon Stouffer, \$10; and Joseph Walker, \$12; damages done to sheep by dogs.

Council in committee of the whole on Road Petitions.

It is said that O'Farrell is to be executed at an early day as possible—probably in about ten days from the present writing. That he has a very slight chance of escape there can be no doubt; but still it is just possible that the Prince will follow the line of policy adopted by his mother in all similar cases, and intercede for the prisoner.

(THE PRINCE ABOUT TO LEAVE.)

But this is very unlikely, as the *Galathea* (the Prince's ship) has already received sailing orders, and he will probably leave the colonies for England on Saturday. The people of New Zealand will feel greatly disappointed, no doubt, at the Prince leaving the country without paying them a visit, but his physicians have advised him to leave for a colder climate as early as possible.

American News.

IMPEACHMENT OF ANDREW JOHNSON.

FAILURE TO CONVICT.

New York, May 15.—The *Commercial* Washington special says, the President's friends count 18 Senators as positively for acquittal of all the articles. This is sufficient to acquit unless Wado votes. But as he intends to vote, it is claimed that one or more of the border States will vote against him. The Republicans are not certain of the necessary 36 votes for conviction on any one article, although they have received assurances of the votes of that number of Senators.

A special to the *Evening Telegram* says a portion of the Missouri delegation in the House called upon Senator Henderson last night, who said that acquittal, in his opinion, will not result disastrously to the country.

The President had promised those who would vote for an acquittal that he would immediately tend in a new Cabinet, all Republicans; that he would execute the laws passed by Congress; that he would no longer obstruct the execution of the Reconstruction Act; and that he would endeavor to bring his administration into harmony with Congress. He further promises to support those Republican Senators who vote for acquittal, with the whole power of the administration before the people.

WASHINGTON, May 15 (midnight).—The excessive confidence of both sides is unaltered. In the judgement of your correspondent the chances are just about even. One vote decides the result.

The *Tribune's* special says:—A careful canvass by some of the most sagacious members of Congress shows that the verdict hangs in a great measure on the vote of Mr. Wiley, of West Virginia.

The opinion in official circles to-night is that the Court will take the vote to-morrow.

LATER.

The eleventh article charges the President with being unmindful of his high office, and trying to bring into disgrace, ridicule, contempt and reproach, the Congress of the United States, and with threatening it in his speeches at Washington, Cleveland and St. Louis.

WASHINGTON, May 16.—The Senate proceeded to vote on the Eleventh Article of Impeachment. There were for acquittal 19; for conviction 35. Fowler, Fessenden, Grimes, Henderson, Van Winkle, Trumbull, and Ross voted not guilty.

WASHINGTON, May 16.—Immediately on the declaration of not guilty on the Eleventh Article, Mr. Williams moved an adjournment until Tuesday, the 26th inst. The motion was carried by 32 to 21, and the Court then adjourned.

New York, May 18.—The *World's* Havana special gives important news from Hayti.

President Salnave escaped from Port Hayti and reached Port au Prince. He and Gen. Delorme, who acted as Secretary of State for the Interior, War and Navy, arrested many citizens, and ordered some to be shot. Robberies and murders were frequent. The stores of six American merchants were robbed by the troops. Gen. Salnave threatened to seize the town and burn it to ashes, and also used violent menaces to the foreign consuls. Many Americans have been shot at in their own windows, and forced to seek refuge in the American consulate. The American consul had an interview with Gen. Salnave and Secretary Delorme. They demanded protection, but were received defiantly and with threats. The American minister at once sent a despatch to Havana for some American men-of-war to go to his assistance. He also sent to Jamaica for a British war steamer.

Later despatches say:—The British gunboat had gone from Jamaica to the assistance of the American minister at Port au Prince.

Latest from Port au Prince states that the whole country is reported in arms against President Salnave excepting Gonaives, Jacmel and the Cape. The revolution in the north has been successful. The entire south is now in arms against the government.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 18.—Advices from Japan state that while the British Minister was passing through the streets of Kioka, April 1st, he was fired on by two fanatic priests, who wounded 11 men of his escort and five horses. The minister and five horses escaped unhurt. One priest was killed and another captured and executed, by Shots Bashi.

The Assassination.

The *Ottawa Citizen* on Saturday, says: "Mr. O'Reilly, with his usual energy and perseverance, is still deeply engaged in his good work of rooting out the weeds of Fenianism which have been scattered among us, and hardly a day passes but fresh developments reward his patient research. Many of these it is of course not prudent to give to the public at present, but they will no doubt be made known as soon as is compatible with the ends of justice and the public benefit. Yesterday a most extraordinary piece of evidence turned up in regard to Boyle, the proprietor of the *Irish Canadian*, which puts beyond question his connection with Fenianism, and will render it difficult for anyone who knows the facts to believe that he had no complicity in the dastardly assassination of Mr. McGee. The evidence is, however, of a nature which it is not now expedient to publish.

News Items.

Sir Robert Martin has been appointed a Knight of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, in recognition of his distinguished services in Abyssinia.

The *Army and Navy Gazette* says that the authorities in Canada feel justified by the state of the Dominion in allowing two, if not three, regiments to be withdrawn.

The vestry of St. George's Southwark, contemplate laying down a tramway in the centre of the London Road, for the use of all kinds of vehicles.

The wreck of the Abyssinian Transport *Electric*, fifty miles from Aden, with great loss of life, is confirmed. The *Araba* murdered one survivor, and stripped the remainder.

The death of General Simpson, who succeeded Lord Raglan as Commander-in-Chief of the army in the Crimea, is announced. He was born in Roxburghshire in 1852, and entered the army in 1871.

Wm. A. Fishman, named Mellish, was engaged fishing in Limehouse Reach, on Wednesday, he succeeded in capturing a very large sturgeon. On being landed, it was found to measure seven feet six inches in length, and to weigh 130 pounds.

During the first seven days of the present month seven persons committed suicide in New York City; two by poison, two by pistol shots, two by cutting their throats, and one by hanging. All were men, the youngest 34 and the eldest 83 years of age.

MADAME JULIE AZILLA, who nearly killed herself by falling off the trapeze on which she was performing, at the Holborn Amphitheatre, London, has been succeeded by another lady, Mademoiselle Perlela by name, who nightly risks her life to the manifest delight of thousands of gazing Londoners.

We believe that considerable changes in the clothing of the infantry soldier, both as regards his tunic, head-gear, and some other portions of his dress, are in contemplation, but there is little probability of the Gleaner being substituted for the forage cap, as it is but little liked, even by the Scotch regiments.—*United Service Gazette*.

The Staffordshire colliers who went to work in the pits of Lancashire at Wigan were compelled to quit, as the police were unable to protect them against the turn-outs. Additional troops were sent to aid the police in maintaining order.

An attempt was made on Thursday evening to assassinate Home, the spiritualist, while on his way to his lodgings in Jernyn street. The blow of the would-be assassin was parried by the "medium," who caught the point of the dagger on his arm, a little below the elbow.

JACOB BUCHER'S election for the city of Manchester cost him £3,832; Mr. Bennett spent £3,331, and Mr. Henry spent £2,702, in prosecuting their unsuccessful candidatures. Mr. Wards Hunt's re-election for North Northamptonshire, on the occasion of his appointment as chancellor of the Exchequer, cost the right hon. gentleman £29.

A SHOCKING EVENT.—On Wednesday evening Charles Ottewill, in the employ of some chemical manufacturers at Little Eaton, near Derby, left the works with a wagon load of vitriol, drawn by two horses, and when near Alfreton the vehicle was upset, and the vitriol jars broken. Both horses were burned to death, and the man was seriously injured by the vitriol.

A TALL, handsome, and fashionably-dressed lady, who was described on the charge-sheet as Ann Rickaby, twenty-four years of age, of independent means, was recently brought before the Southwark Police Court, London, charged with intermarrying with Robert Mills, Charles Reeves, and Humphrey Parcell Blackmore, her first husband being then and now living. The prisoner was attired in travelling costume, and had with her two valuable dogs, a pair of canaries, and a large quantity of luggage. The prosecutor was Dr. Blackmore, physician, Salisbury, who married defendant on the 1st of October last, at Perth. Ball not being forthcoming, she was removed to Horsefonger Lane Jail.

SUNSHINE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—Quebec, May 16.—The ship *Canny Scot*, of Dunbar, for Montreal, is a total wreck half a mile above Little Fox River, Gaspe. She had a cargo of wine, fruit, &c. The schooner *James Edwin*, laden with salt, bound for Gaspe last fall, is on shore between Otter and Gun River, Anticosti—all hands lost. The schooner *Naine*, unknown, laden with flour, is wrecked at River Duplois, Anticosti. All hands lost. The vessel lies bottom up—two bodies entangled in the rigging. The steamship *Moravian*, being unavailably detained, will not sail for England till three p.m.

THE HIGHWAYMAN TOWNSEND.—The St. Catharines *Journal* states that the Police Magistrate of Toronto visited that town on Tuesday for the purpose of conferring with Mr. Roland McDonald, Clerk of the Peace, in reference to a communication which has been received from the authorities at Jackson, in the State of Michigan. It seems that a man is held there for horse stealing and robbery, and he claims to be the veritable Bill Townsend whose depredations in this part of the country some years ago are well known to our readers. He seems to have a dislike to United States State prisons, and wishes to be transferred to Canada under the extradition treaty, and be tried for offences committed here. Whether he will turn out to be Townsend, or some other equally prime rascal, remains yet to be seen.

THE Grand Dominion Ploughing Match, which prizes to the amount of \$500 are to be awarded, takes place at Brooklyn, in the township of Whitby, on Thursday next, the 21st instant. Arrangements have been made with the Grand Trunk for carrying persons attending the ploughing match over the line to either of the stations at Whitby or Oshawa, and return at a single fare and a quarter. That is, the full single fare is to be paid in the first instance in the ordinary way; and on the return, or production of a certificate from the treasurer of attendance at the ploughing match, the person producing such certificate can get his return ticket for one quarter the regular fare. Numerous entries, we are informed, have been already made for the great match, which it is expected to surpass anything of the kind that has yet taken place in Canada.

JUDICIOUS ADVERTISING

IS ONE OF THE SUREST AIDS TO

SUCCESS IN BUSINESS

IF YOU WANT THE PUBLIC TO CALL, AND INSPECT YOUR GOODS, GIVE THEM AN INVITATION TO DO SO.

BY ADVERTISING YOU WILL REACH ALL CLASSES IN THE MOST ECONOMIC MANNER.

SEND OUT YOUR INVITATIONS WEEKLY

And the recipients will call on you when they require anything in your line.

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ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING

EXECUTED IN THE

NEATEST MANNER AND AT LOWEST RATES.

ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Support your Local Paper, and subscribe for the COURIER, \$1.50 a year; if paid in advance, only \$1.25.

IMPORTANT TO DRUGGISTS, CONFECTIONERS, AND OTHERS.

THE INDIA & CHINA TEA COMPANY

INVITE applications from Druggists and others desirous to represent the Company in Towns and Districts not yet occupied. These famous Teas have met with an unbounded success wherever they have been introduced, and are sold in packets by the Company's Agents in every important city and town in the Dominion. Only one agent in each district. For particulars apply to the Canada Depot, No. 23, HOSPITAL STREET, MONTREAL.

NOTE.—Every Packet is protected by the Company's registered Trade Mark. Montreal, March 16, 1868. 13-4

Newmarket Markets.

	May 20, 1868.
Flour 7 barrel	\$7 00 @ \$8 00
Fall Wheat 7 bushel	1 00 @ 1 65
Spring Wheat 7 bushel	1 45 @ 1 50
Barley 7 bushel	0 00 @ 0 00
Oats 7 bushel	0 00 @ 0 00
Pears 7 bushel	0 00 @ 0 75
Dressed Hogs 7 100 lbs.	0 00 @ 0 00
Beef 7 100 lbs.	5 00 @ 6 50
Sheep, each	4 00 @ 5 00
Hides, 7 100 lbs.	0 00 @ 5 50
Sheepskins, each	0 50 @ 0 80
Pointed 7 bushel	0 45 @ 0 50
Good Craft Apples 7 bushel	0 50 @ 0 60
Butter 7 lb.	0 00 @ 0 20
Cheese 7 lb.	0 12 @ 0 15
Eggs per dozen	0 00 @ 0 10

Toronto Markets.

	May 19, 1868.
Flour 7 barrel	\$5 10 @ \$7 15
Fall Wheat 7 bushel	0 00 @ 0 00
Spring Wheat 7 bushel	1 63 @ 1 70
Oats 7 bushel	0 57 @ 0 68
Barley 7 bushel	0 00 @ 0 00
Pears 7 bushel	0 50 @ 0 60
Dressed Hogs 7 100 lbs.	0 00 @ 0 00

New Advertisements.

Volunteers, Attention.

N.O. 5 Company will parade on Monday, the 25th instant, at 9 a.m., sharp, instead of Saturday, the 23rd instant, as previously ordered. Newmarket, May 20, 1868. 22-1

SOUTER & TRENT, MAIN STREET, NEW MARKET.

REG to inform the public that they have disposed of their Drug Stock to Dr. Hackett, who has removed the same to his New Store, fitted up purposely for him by N. Pearson, Surgeon Dentist. The Drug Store is exactly opposite Mrs. Bond's and the Davison House.

SOUTER & TRENT Also would inform their friends and customers that they have made a large addition to their Stock of

GROCERIES, TEAS, TOBACCOES,

WINES AND SPIRITS, Which they are prepared to sell

RETAIL, AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES! Newmarket, May 20, 1868. 22-1f

THE NEWMARKET

DRUG STORE.

Dr. HACKETT

HAS purchased the Stock of SOUTER and TRENT, and will carry on the Drug Business

IN THE NEW STORE, OPPOSITE THE "DAVISON HOUSE."

Having secured the services of

MR. J. JAMES, Formerly with Souter & Trent, (a First-Class Dispensing), I feel confident that perfect satisfaction will be given.

For the future my office will be at the store.

Office Hours from 8 to 10 a.m., 1 to 3 p.m., and 5 to 8 p.m. Newmarket, May 20, 1868. 22-1f

N. PEARSON, DENTIST,

EVER grateful for past favours, takes this opportunity of informing his friends and the public in general that he is about opening an office in Newmarket, OVER Dr. HACKETT'S NEW DRUG STORE, Fitted up with an eye to comfort and convenience. The best material always used and

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS!

THE Subscriber continues to manufacture his far-famed Steel Mouldboard and Steel Landings

PLOUGHS! By the thousand. He sold 92 PLOUGHS LAST WEEK. For the convenience and accommodation of his friends and customers in the neighbourhood of Newmarket, where his Ploughs are known to be superior to those of other makers, he has established an agency with Mr. MARSDEN, who will have always on hand a large supply of Ploughs which he will sell at manufacturer's prices, merely adding cost of transportation, either for Cash or on Credit. He invites attention to his

DOUBLE-LEVER GANG PLOUGH The superiority of this Plough over all other Gang Ploughs can be readily seen. The head of the Plough is one inch higher than others, is less liable to clog with sods, and is strongly leaved. It has two levers—one can be raised at a time, and the Plough regulated to suit uneven ground or ridges. The levers are so constructed that the Plough can be raised six inches out of the ground, and thus driven from one farm to another without danger of breaking.

L. BUTTERFIELD, Bradford, 17-1

April 15, 1868.

BOW BELLS

AND OTHER MAGAZINES, Just received at the

COURIER OFFICE. Newmarket, May 21, 1868. 14

CANADIAN NATIONAL SERIES

READING BOOKS! Authorized by the Council of Public Instruction of Ontario.

FIRST BOOK, with 31 illustrations, strongly bound in limp cloth. Five cents.

SECOND BOOK, 2nd Part, 34 illustrations, strongly bound in limp cloth. Ten cents.

THIRD BOOK, 41 illustrations, strongly bound in cloth boards. Thirty cents.

FOURTH BOOK, 45 illustrations, strongly bound in cloth boards. Forty cents.

FIFTH BOOK, 50 illustrations, strongly bound in cloth boards. Fifty cents.

G. M. BINNS, Courier Office. Newmarket, Feb. 27, 1868. 10-1f

What every Farmer Needs! AND OUGHT TO HAVE.

THE Subscriber is manufacturing ANDERSON'S

Patent Reversible Duplex Harrow!

The best ever made for all kinds of work. It never fails to cover all seed no matter how uneven the ground.

The undersigned has the sole right for making them in this part of the country. They are as cheap as any other Harrows.

N.B.—All kinds of farming implements on hand and made to order.

Call and examine for yourself at the Brick Shop on Main Street.

JAS. B. WETHERELL. Newmarket, March 15, 1868. 13-3m

A Cottage to Let, SITUATED on Gorham Street. Apply to Mr. Charles Gorham, or to Mr. Phillip Cook, Ringwood P.O. Newmarket, April 7, 1868. 16-3p

Village Lot For Sale. THE undersigned offers for Sale, at a very low price, the Lot opposite R. Murray's Waggon Shop, being Lot No. 14, north side of Simcoe Street. For terms and particulars apply to

NELSON JOHNSON, Mill Street, Newmarket. April 29, 1868. 10-4

For Sale or to Rent, A FARM near Newmarket, 150 Acres cleared. For further particulars apply at this office. March 21, 1868. 14-1f

DIRECT IMPORTATIONS!

BURK & HARRISON, Big to announce to their friends and customers that they have imported direct from

GLASGOW, MANCHESTER, AND OTHER MARKETS,

A LARGE QUANTITY OF STAPLE AND FANCY DRESS GOODS!

AS THESE GOODS WERE BOUGHT FOR CASH, And Imported Direct, we are prepared and will offer

SUPERIOR ADVANTAGES! To those buying from us.

SIGN OF THE BIG T.

At the sign of the Big T a

NEW STOCK OF THE MOST FASHIONABLE HOOP SKIRTS. BURK & HARRISON. Newmarket, May 6, 1868. 20-1f

SOUTER & TRENT, MAIN STREET, NEWMARKET,

GROCERS, TEA DEALERS, MANUFACTURERS OF

GINGER WINE, ORANGE TONIC, SYRUPS, &c.

Try Souter & Trent's Tea.

Try Souter & Trent's Coffee.

Try Souter & Trent's Ginger Wine.

Try Souter & Trent's Syrups.

Try Souter & Trent's Groceries.

A. SOUTER, W. TRENT. Newmarket, May 6, 1868. 20-1f

BRITISH WAREHOUSE!!

NEWMARKET AND SUTTON.

WM. & A. B. ORR

WILL SHOW THE CONTENTS OF THIRTY-TWO PACKAGES OF

STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS

LADIES' DRESS GOODS, CASHMERES, VELVETEENS, SILKS, REPPS, BROADCLOTHS, EMPRESS CLOTHS, VESTINGS, EXHIBITION CLOTHS, TWEEDS, DOESKINS, &c., &c., &c.

A LARGE STOCK OF CLOTHING,

HEAVY STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES!

MADE EXPRESSLY TO ORDER; TOGETHER WITH A FRESH STOCK OF

FAMILY GROCERIES, &c., Which we will sell CHEAP FOR CASH.

SOME VERY CHEAP JOB LOTS IN STOCK.

* Two reasons why WM. & A. B. Orr can and will sell cheaper than houses giving long credits:—First, We buy for Cash in the best markets. Second, We sell for Cash, and need no large profits to cover losses.

We now thank our friends and customers for the very liberal patronage shown us, and will strive doubly to merit it this season.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. WM. & A. B. ORR. Newmarket and Sutton, March 26, 1868. 1-1f

JUST RECEIVED!

A LARGE AND VARIED ASSORTMENT OF

GERMAN WINDOW CORNICES!

CURTAIN BANDS, KNOBS, &c.

—ALSO:—

Another Lot of Cutlery & Plated Goods,

GENUINE ROCHESTER COOPER TRUSS HOOPS!

1 Case Patent Reversible Locks.

OILS, PAINTS, WOODWARE, &c.

OUR STOVES AND TINWARE!

WITH THE ABOVE,

STILL EXCELS IN QUALITY AND CHEAPNESS, ANY IN THE DOMINION.

Be kind enough to call and ascertain prices before purchasing.

SYKES & ELVIDGE. Newmarket, March 11, 1868. 12-4

TREMENDOUS BARGAINS!!!

AS WE INTEND Enlarging our Premises, We now offer remainder of

STOVES!

At Cost; AND EVERYTHING IN THE

HARDWARE LINE AT PRICES

More Satisfactory Than can be obtained elsewhere.

The Whole must Positively be Cleared Out To save expense of moving.

BYKES & ELVIDGE. Newmarket, Jan. 22, 1868. 1f-5

Money to Loan.

APPLY TO A. BOULTBEE.

J. H. JOHNSON'S

Shed, Blind, Door, and PLANING FACTORY

Is now in full operation.

A CALL FROM BUILDERS SOLICITED.

A Good assortment of MOULDINGS Always on hand.

N.B.—Custom Planing done at any time. SHOP,—Corner Mill & Baglan-sts., NEWMARKET. January 23, 1867. 1f-5

CARD.

A SOUTER begs to return his sincere thanks to his friends and customers for the liberal patronage bestowed on him in past years, and to assure them under the new firm he will, as before, be ready to wait on them, and give them First-Rate Goods at a Low Price. Newmarket, Dec. 29, 1867. 2-1f

JUST PUBLISHED, The CANADIAN SPEAKER

AND ELOCUTIONARY READER, COMPRISING A Choice Collection of Orations, Dialogues, and Poetry, suitable for School and College Recitations, and Public and Social Readings, with Introductory Remarks on the Principles of Elocution.—Edited and compiled by

EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART. 228 PAGES. PRICE 75 CENTS.

G. M. BINNS, Courier Office. Newmarket, Feb. 27, 1868. 10-1f

Money to Lend.

MONEY TO LEND at Reduced Rates, and on terms made advantageous to the Farming Community.

NO COMMISSION CHARGED. Expenses Moderate. Apply to

J. W. COLLINS, NEWMARKET. 1f-1

December 29, 1867.

SMALL WARES, FISHING TACKLE, FIRE WORKS, &c.

At the COURIER OFFICE.

THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE! IN THE WORLD:

DR. JODIN'S FRENCH COUGH LEVERS SHOULD be resorted to in all cases of Cough, Hoarseness, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Shortness of Breath, and all disorders of the Throat and Lungs.

They are recommended with confidence to Ministers, School teachers, public Speakers, Singers, Auctioneers, &c. The Levers have been thoroughly tested in practice, and without a doubt, are better than any similar medicine yet introduced to the public.

READ THE FOLLOWING: Halifax, N.S., Nov. 16, 1867.

I have given Dr. Jodin's French Cough Levers a full trial, and have little hesitation in saying that for a relief from hoarseness and sore throat, I much prefer them to either Bryan's or Brown's.

T. W

Poetry.
Story of a Life
Born at night
Died in white
Childhood early
Slight and fair
Smooth brown hair
Light and airy
Grown to manhood
Form and face
Full of beauty
Gracious child
Sweet and mild
Loving duty
Fairy Queen
Bright and blushing
Hopes and fears
Idle tears
Free out-gushing
Dressed in white
Summer's beauty
Charming bride
Joy and pride
Friends in plenty
First-born boy
Mother's darling
Ancestral home
Watched all morning
Stately dame
Spotless name
Best of mothers
Children rare
Brave and fair
Like no others
Threescore ten
Ah! my pen
Badly lingers
Wrinkles deep
Key-crook
Death's cold fingers
Burial night
Dressed in white
Sweet peace given
Best is also
Blessed free
Gone to heaven!

Miscellaneous.

Plant Trees.

We are glad to see, says the Chicago Tribune, that the importance of adorning our city with trees is recognized by many of our land-owners, and that thousands of elms have been planted here this spring. Why should not all our streets, except a few great thoroughfares of business, be thus adorned? Is it not strange that the mass of people in our cities and large towns should be so indifferent to this cheap and simple, but inimitable mode of embellishing their streets? The beauty of those portions of our highways which are skirted with far-reaching rows of stately and unobscured oaks or elms is often acknowledged by those who enjoy the grateful shelter afforded by their branches from a broiling sun. Only those who have panted along some parched and dusty street at noonday, when the sun was pouring down his rays in their most intense, can fully appreciate the relief with which one turns into a cool and shaded thoroughfare where the green trees, with singing birds in their branches, rustle overhead. Why should we not have continuous rows of such trees planted along the roadside of every farm? Why should not every village form its tree-planting association, and line its streets with the beautiful trees that skirt the model avenues of New England towns, where the present generation is enjoying the results of the good taste and toils of their forefathers? Would that all would take to themselves the pithy advice of the Laird of Dumbuck on his death bed, to his son: "Jock, when ye have nothing else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree—it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping." Trees cost but little compared with the enhanced beauty and value they give to a house-lot; plant them to-day, and almost before you are aware, they become a crown of glory, protecting the foot-passenger from the scorching sunbeams, and giving relief to his eyes, wearied with gazing on the everlasting monotony of red hot bricks—bricks—bricks. There is no person who is such a Goth or Vandal in taste as not to appreciate the beauty of shade trees. Pleasant are they in spring, when their buds are bursting out into leaves and flowers; pleasant in summer, when they are converted into rolling billows of verdure by the southern breezes; pleasant, too, in autumn, when the foliage, like the flying dolphin, puts on the richest and varying colours, changing to a thousand splendid hues! The most beautiful cities in the Union are confessedly those that have the most shade trees. What is it that gives such a charm and attraction to New Haven, rendering it one of the most delightful cities in America? Not the regularity of its streets, nor the elegance of its buildings—for the latter are common-looking—but the number and magnificence of its elms, shading the streets on each side, and forming at times, with their interlocking branches, complete arches and canopies of verdure for miles. And what but its venerable oaks and elms form the glory of Boston Common? We repeat, then, let us plant trees. New York excepted, we have no gigantic parks in our large cities; but we could plant trees in every city, and by so doing counteract, in a way even more effective, the insubstantiality occasioned by the presence of so much animal life without its natural antidote of vegetable life. Science, therefore, as well as taste, speaks trumpet-tongued in favour of an increase of shade trees.

The medical papers are writing against the modern fashion of high-heeled boots. They say it causes corns, cramp, lameness, at an early age, and, worst thing of all, one which ladies who figure on the stage will certainly regard as a great evil, it lessens the size of the calf, and makes the leg lose its symmetry.

Actions speak more forcibly than words; they are the test of character. Like fruit upon a tree, they show the nature of a man; while motives, like the sap, are hidden from our view.

The Man who could not Commit Suicide.

A curious story is told by Truella, a modern Spanish writer of reputation. The hero of the story was a feeble-minded man, prone to suicide. The priest, in an argument with him on the subject, asserted that no man could take his own life if God willed that he should not do it. The man, whose faith in God was none of the strongest, denied the truth of this theory. Having carefully examined his patrimony, he became despondent, and resolved to prove his own side of the argument by putting an end to himself. He accordingly procured a strong rope and suspended himself from a beam of the house; but the timber, though apparently sound, was inwardly decayed. His weight brought it down, and with it a shower of double-locks, which some of his ancestors had concealed under the garret floor. The good luck reconciled him to life; but having fallen in love with a stout lassie, who frowned upon him, he again undertook to disprove the priest's assertion by blowing out his brains. In his earnestness to make sure of it, he pressed the pistol so close against his forehead that it burst, and the explosion frightened away robbers who were entering the house in search of double-locks. He began to glory when the priest might not be in the right. But when the beautiful Amazon he was wooing set the merit upon him while he was recumbent, he was resolved to destroy himself. "This time I will not err," thought he. "I will show the priest that a man can kill himself if he is determined upon it." Being thus determined to accomplish his object beyond a peradventure, he fastened a new rope to a large branch of a tree that overhung a deep river; he then swallowed a quantity of phosphorus matches, and put a loaded pistol in his belt. Having adjusted the rope round his neck, he swung himself off and fired the pistol at the same instant; but the ball instead of entering his head, hit the rope in two, and he fell into the river. The lass, who had driven him to the dire extremity, happened to witness the plunge; she succeeded in drawing him out with her long arms, and pity at last moved her hard heart to love. Her efforts to resuscitate him caused a deluge of water to pour from his mouth, and with it came the phosphorus matches. Finding that the combined process of hanging, shooting, drowning and poisoning all failed to counteract the decrees of Providence, he resolved that he would never again try to resist the will of God. So he married his lass, and thenceforth behaved more like a Christian.

How to Succeed.

The cashier of one of our leading banks resigned some time since and the paying-teller was immediately elected to fill his place. He was quite a young man and was promoted over the heads of those who had been in the bank many years in subordinate positions. The secret of the promotion is well worth knowing. The new cashier lives some miles out of the city. He entered the bank when quite young. He resolved to make himself useful. Living farthest away he was the first at his post in the morning. Having the farthest to go he was the last to leave. He never was afraid to work, and never hesitated to lend a hand when his own duties were done. Others would go out to restaurants and hotels for their lunch. He brought his dinner with him and ate it in a little closet. For his own pleasure he never left the bank during business hours. If any of the clerks wanted to go away he was always ready to take their place. He could always be found, and was prompt at any call. His spare time was devoted to an intelligent comprehension of his business. As a paying teller he was very popular. He was never snappish or ungentlemanly. Growling, grumbling, unreasonable customers could not irritate him. He oversteered his time to accommodate men who were belated with their checks. As cashier, he is the same genial, agreeable, prompt officer that he was in his subordinate life. Men disappointed in their discounts take a refusal from the cashier with a better spirit than they do an accommodation from some men. He still keeps up his close attention to business, and takes his frugal lunch in his closet as he did when struggling for a position. Those who fail in New York, or are desiring success, had better look at this incident and copy the example.—*N. Y. Cor. Boston Journal.*

Why American Women Live Abroad.

There is another, and a better reason than the gratification of a baffled social vanity, that makes a sojourn in Europe delectable to American women. It is a lapse of care. The difficulties and deprivations attending the process of house-keeping in the United States are formidable even to those blessed with the gifts of fortune, whereby, in other lands, domestic duties are so modified and diminished. A conscientious and tasteful lady of wealth, with us, is often the victim of an "establishment." Her hostilities, the claims of her husband, children, and kindred upon her hourly thought, the regulation of a band of half-disciplined or wholly discontented servants—in a word, the oversight, direction, provision, care, incident to her position, from the preparation for a dinner party to the administration of a charity, from the reception of a valued guest to the proper ordering of the nursery, from the heavy arrears of visits to be paid to the holding with even hand and vigilant eye, the reins of domestic and dutiful supremacy—a faithful wife, mother and social queen in America is overburdened, exhausted, or irritated by a thousand petty cares and household claims, which the want of trained and true domestics, the difficulty of securing one's privacy, the incessant calls upon time, thought, sympathy, and even charity, to say nothing of fashion, render at once absorbing and irksome, to a degree and in a manner incomprehensible to those who have not experienced the difference between the household methods, means, and machinery at home and abroad.—*Putnam for May.*

The late King Louis of Bavaria is said to have left a fortune of £1,720,000.

VARIETIES.

Every man is occasionally what he ought to be perpetually.

The Earl of Gullford is a candidate for admission into the 1st Life Guards.

Kindness and cheerfulness can remove more than half the wrinkles out of the forehead of age.

Why are people who stutter not to be relied on? Because they are always breaking their words.

The blush is Nature's alarm at the approach of sin, and her testimony to the dignity of virtue.

What a man is out of money, he shows the least of it. When he is out of temper, he shows the most of it.

Why is a washerwoman the most cruel person in the world? Because she daily wrings men's bosoms.

This Queen, accompanied by some of the members of the Royal family, intend to visit Germany in the autumn.

It is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

Depress not any man and do not spurn anything; for there is no man that has not his hour, nor is there anything that has not its place.

As a person's Yes or No, so in all his character. A downright Yes or No marks the man; a quick the rapid; and a slow one, a cautious or timid character.

Miss Lockwood, of Betchworth, near Dorking, who died a few weeks since, has left to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge the large sum of £78,000.

BRITAIN IN POSSIBLE CHURCH.

Patience was my portion,
Phylis was my food,
Christ is my Redeemer,
Drugs did me no good.

WHATEVER parent gives his children good instruction, and sets them at the same time a good example, may be considered as bringing them food in one hand and poison in the other.

Stomachic derangements, affections of the liver, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, hypochondria, rheumatism, gout, and atrophy, are now treated by Parisian doctors almost exclusively by gymnastics and the bath.

One hundred and fifty families left London docks on April 16th for Canada. These emigrants are chiefly blacksmiths, carpenters, and other artisans, most of whom have never received parish relief during the distress at the East End.

At a town in France a young man who was disappointed in love, entered the wine cellar of his employer, and knocked in the heads of fifty barrels of wine; under the impression that the contents would be sufficient to drown him.

A DAMEL was asked, "When a lady and gentleman have quarrelled, and each considers the other in fault, which of the two ought to be the first to advance toward a reconciliation?" Her answer was: "The best-hearted and wisest of the two."

PAPER FOR MILL BANDS.—In Britain paper is being introduced as a material for mill-bands. It appears to answer very well, being stronger than, and as flexible as leather. Great difficulty has been encountered in devising machinery for trimming the edges of the belts, as the cutting blades cannot be kept sharp.—*Paper Trade Review.*

CROWN PIECES.—The crown is no longer issued by the Mint in England, yet about 2,000, worth of these coins are made every year to go to the Falkland Islands. There the whalers—English, Germans, Swedes, and Americans—assemble to pass the winter in harbour, and among them the only accepted currency is the English five-shilling piece.

An old bachelor, who had become melancholy and poetical, wrote some verses for the village paper, in which he expressed the hope that the time would soon come when he should

"rest calmly within a shroud,
With a weeping willow by my side;"

but, to his inexpressible horror, it came out in print:—

"When I shall rest calmly within a shawl,
With a weeping widow by my side."

Whoever is wise is apt to suspect and be diffident of himself, and on that account is willing to "hearken to counsel;" whereas the foolish man, being in proportion to his folly full of himself, and swallowed up in conceit, will seldom take any counsel but his own, and for that very reason, because it is his own.

An important improvement has just been applied to the building of yachts. The masts are surrounded in the "step," and inside the "partners" with India rubber springs, instead of being fastened by wedges. It is said to diminish the strain on the mast, and also to increase the speed. It is being generally applied to yachts, and would seem to be as useful to all vessels.

A MOTHER'S GIFT.—Lines written by a mother's hand on the fly-leaf of her son's Bible:—

"Remember, love, who gave you this
When other years shall come—
When she who had thy earliest kiss
Sleeps in her narrow home,
Remember 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save,
'And bade you keep the gift, that when
The parting hour should come,
There might be hope to meet again
In Heaven's eternal home."

PALPITATION OF THE HEART.—This disease is sometimes in the heart or its great vessels, or in all—a remedy for which it is scarcely in the power of medicine to offer, although a temperate regimen (avoiding the excitement of violent exercise or spirituous liquors) and wholesome air may so far palliate, as to give a chance to the diseased parts, if not to recover their tone, at least to become no worse. But the disease known by "palpitation of the heart," vulgarly called "a beating about the heart," arises far more frequently from a debilitated state of the nerves, and a vitiated state of the digestive organs. The heart is a muscle, and like others, is itself liable to nervous tremors. This disease is a frequent attendant on females and those young men who indulge in excesses. To remove it, the patient cannot expect that physic will be competent, although it will most materially assist. All excesses must be left off, and habits of health adopted; nourishing diet, a small portion of wine, early rising, cold bathing, gentle exercise, and air.

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